Ensnared

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Ensnared

by Watermelonsmellinfellon

Summary

His darling Will was so curious. So careful though. And his beautifully haunted mind had connected the dots ages ago, but Will was struggling to find some form of normalcy in his life and Hannibal provided a routine for the man.

Therefore, Will ignored his feelings. His worries.

This night however, he wouldn’t be able to.

Notes

#Hannictober Day 21: Scythe

I don't even know what supernatural creature Hannibal is. But he is one, and his go to weapon in the scythe. Also... the scythe was totally used to get the blood on the roses. Just saying.

Chapter 1

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Hannibal.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Hannibal wielded the blade with stunning skill. A mere twirl in his hand and he was suddenly capable of more than people expected. Not that anyone would expect him to be what he was.

No one but Will. His darling Will was so curious. So careful though. And his beautifully haunted mind had connected the dots ages ago, but Will was struggling to find some form of normalcy in his life and Hannibal provided a routine for the man.

Therefore, Will ignored his feelings. His worries.

This night however, he wouldn't be able to.

Using the holiday as an excuse, Hannibal had placed his scythe as the centerpiece of the table. The blade expertly sharpened and capable of slicing any and all who fell under it.

And Will wouldn't be able to ignore it if it outlined Hannibal's face. Every time he would look up, he would see the blade curling around his companion's jaw.

Hannibal was pleased with his table settings and went to answer the door.

Will had dressed up a little more. His hair was brushed to the side carefully. He was also lacking those hideous glasses, and he'd obviously shaved, plus he'd worn a different aftershave.

Hannibal was appreciative of his efforts.

"Hello, Will."

"Hannibal."

Only recently had he gotten the human used to calling him by his given name. Hannibal much preferred it. Delighted in it even.

The man lead the way to the dining room, and Hannibal enjoyed Will's shock and stiffening in the doorway of the room when he saw the weapon on the table, surrounded by white roses that had the tips painted in a red substance.

It was blood, not that Will needed to know that.

"You, um, went all out with your decorations," Will coughed, blushing and looking away from the display.

"I'm feeling festively dramatic this night," Hannibal admitted without a shred of embarrassment.

"I can see that."

Hannibal lead his dear Will to the seat he'd prepared, and went to fetch their meal. The wine had been one he'd labored over. It had been in his family for centuries. Had to actually have Chiyoh send it over from Lithuania.

Hannibal had of course added a special ingredient to it. His own blood.

As they dined, he kept very close eye on Will's actions. The slowly relaxing shoulders, the flush rising because of the blood infused wine, and even the thoughtful chewing of his food.

Will's gaze was locked on the rose nearest him. "That is blood," the man stated.

Hannibal smirked.

"Whose blood is it?"

A question he wasn't expecting. How brilliant his Will was!

"What would you do with this information?"

"I don't know."

He truly didn't. Will was confused, but not scared. He did not fear for his life despite where he was and how obviously dangerous it could get within seconds.

"No one important," the blond responded with a smirk. It wasn't as if they could object any longer, so what did it matter?

Will's eyes trailed over the sharp blade. "What are you, Hannibal?"

The blood in the wine must have really loosened him up. He was actually looking Hannibal in the eye now.

"Can you handle the truth, dear Will?"

"I don't know that either. But there is something more to you."

Hannibal smiled, carefully exposing the fangs that usually remained hidden. “Do you still want an answer?”

Will was silent for a moment, before he nodded. “Yes.”

What a beautiful boy Hannibal had ensnared.

A/N: DONE!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Couldn't help but add Will's POV.

Chapter Notes

I added another. I had to!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

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ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

“There are no human words for what I am, dear Will. There is no possible way your human tongue can even pronounce it. Just know that I’m very old and very… *talented* in certain subjects.”

Will’s eyes trailed to the scythe, his stomach flipping in discomfort.

The blade was sharpened very specifically. Will knew that if he dropped a strand of hair on it, the hair would be cut in two without issue.

The handle was long, reaching the rest of the table easily. The metal - because no wood looked like that - was bent in two particular spots. He could imagine Hannibal easily wielding such a weapon with skill and precision.

It wasn’t just a decoration. It was a *part* of Hannibal in a way.

“Is your name actually Hannibal?”

“Of course,” the man said, scenting his wine before tasting it. “I have never gone by another name, though my title often changes. Second, Third, all the way up to the Eighth. Not that anyone else need know of it.”

Will’s heart was beating rapidly, his lungs working double time to keep him breathing.

“There’s no need for fear, dear Will. No harm will come to you while you’re with me.”

He wasn’t scared for himself, just for the words he wasn’t sure he wanted to hear. Yet for some strange reason, those words seemed to loosen Will up. His worries seemingly vanishing without a trace. Which wasn’t normal for him.

“What is in the food? What did you do?”

“Nothing I haven’t done before, darling.”

‘Darling’? Hannibal was now calling Will ‘darling? Hannibal had never done that in the months they had known each other.

“What do you want from me?”

“Now *that* is the question I have been waiting for.”

Hannibal placed his glass down, and arranged his cutlery until everything was perfectly aligned. Hannibal always *did* have a fascination with order and neatness.

Almost clinical actually.

Hannibal’s fangs were long, and slipped over his bottom lip a bit. He looked threatening and dangerous, though not to Will’s safety. Will believed that he wouldn’t be hurt. He was just... unnerved.

“Darling, I have had my eye on you since the day we met. Nothing will ever take you away from me.”

It was possessive. Hannibal’s obsession shining in his darkening eyes. The pupils taking over even the sclera, until there was only darkness left behind.

Will felt lulled in a sense. As if his body was sudden lax and lacking all energy.

In fact, it was.

He slumped into his chair, unable to hold himself upright.

Hannibal stood from his seat, and slowly rounded the table as his hand reached out to run against the blade of his weapon. The finger came back cut, with blood trailing down it.

Hannibal placed the appendage to Will’s mouth, but Will struggled to keep himself together. To not give in.

“Come now, Will. You’ve already drank some.”

Hannibal’s gaze trailed to the wine glass, and Will was struck with a vision of him standing in his quaint kitchen, slicing his own hand with his precious scythe, and letting the blood drip into the glass he intended for Will to drink from.

Without his permission, his mouth opened, and Hannibal's finger entered, slowly and methodically trailing over everything inside. His teeth, his tongue, his gums. A strange caress that Will wasn’t prepared for. It was intimate.

And the blood wasn’t metallic like Will was expecting. It was sharp and tangy. Strange, but in a good way.

Hannibal's other hand came up to card through Will’s styled curls, dislodging the mess he’d worked hard to fix this night. His hands were softer than anticipated. Soothing.

The look of pure rapture on Hannibal’s face when Will moaned around the digit, was enough to terrify him once again.

A/N: Another is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram fics!

See ya! :D

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Chapter End Notes

Might add more?

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

MORE!

Chapter Notes

-I don't know how many chapters this is going to have. Let's just roll with it. I'll write when inspired.

-Also, this is kind of hot imo.

-And I think I'll be adding a dub-con warning.

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ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Hannibal lifted Will easily, his body limp and compliant with Hannibal's desires. Hannibal had many plans for the evening, and he intended to exact all of them, but first, there were a few things that needed to be done.

Will's head lolled over his forearm, exposing the pale column of his throat for Hannibal's viewing pleasure. He so badly wanted to leaned down and drag his fangs against the bared flesh, but restrained himself. There would be time for that later.

He had manners after all.

The bedroom was where he left Will, lying on the bed, waiting for Hannibal to lead him.

This was where the wine came in. Hannibal would need more and more of it. He's already mixed the three bottles with three pints of his own blood, and had let them sit for a few days. The jug was ready and waiting.

Will was partially 'tipsy' at the moment. The force of Hannibal's power was what kept him so boneless.

Humans struggled when in the presence of his kind. And that was fine.

Hannibal hadn't even unleashed all of his presence, yet Will was so sensitive that he could feel almost double of what Hannibal was pouring out.

The man moaned as he tried to move, barely accomplishing even that.

Hannibal sighed, affection nearly stealing away his breath. The breath he didn't truly need.

His Will was perfection.

"Will, I'm going to bathe you. It's best for you to know that it *will* be happening whether you like it or not. However I would prefer that you be compliant. I can make this pleasurable for you."

Will's hazy eyes looked up at him, his face flushed and breathing ragged.

"Why?" the man managed to murmur.

Hannibal reached out, and was overjoyed when Will didn't flinch back.

Trailing his knuckles over the man's cheek, he smiled. "I'd prefer to have you as clean as possible for when I take you, darling."

Will's heart soared at the revelation, and Hannibal couldn't scent any fear in him. Simply desire.

He growled, almost tempted to skip the cleansing altogether.

But if he didn't, then the change would be painful and he didn't want to hurt his precious Will. Will could not and would not come to harm at his hands. Ever.

"I'll prepare the bath now."

He slipped into the bathroom and set to filling the tub with warm water. Along the tiles of the floor he'd lined up the proper bottles he needed. They would be added one at a time. All he had to do was deposit Will in the water to begin the cleansing.

When he returned to the bedroom, he was amazed to see that Will had managed to roll over onto his stomach. This was proof that Hannibal had chosen well. That Will had any strength to move was an impressive feat alone.

"Come, darling. Let us clean you up."

He took the man's clothing off slowly, revealing every inch of skin and letting his fingers linger to caress those places which caught his eye. Will's neck and shoulders, his thighs and calves. Smooth yet strong. Perfection encased in the frailty of human skin.

Not for long.

Once the man was completely bared, Hannibal lifted him with ease and brought him into the bathroom, where he was carefully placed in the water. The water that was now *more* than water.

Fetching the jug of blood mixed wine, Hannibal poured Will another glass and held it to his lips.

"Drink. It'll make all of this easier. I promise."

Will's mouth fell open slowly, and the mixture poured in.

Simply lovely.

A/N: Another is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram fics!

See ya! :D

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Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Some cleansing.

Chapter Notes

I honestly don't know what happened. This was supposed to be creepy and it's turning into smut. WTF?

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CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Hannibal might have been finding a perverse sort of pleasure in having Will drink his blood. Yes, it was necessary in order to complete the change with as little pain as possible, but replacing all the liquid inside his soon-to-be lover's body with his own blood, was an erotic thought.

Basically, Hannibal was making Will full… with *him*.

A carnal sort of cannibalism that he'd never indulged in before. And for good reason. His control was tested to its very limits like this. Though whether it was because of Will or because of the idea of it, he didn't know.

To have his darling Will so receptive to his touch, waiting for him to guide him. Needing him to be his anchor.

No longer a paddle.

Hannibal's hand cupped the man's face, hoping that Will would meet his gaze.

He did, the haze in his eyes settling a bit.

"I'm going to clean you," he told the man. "*Very* deeply."

The equipment had been prepared ages ago, waiting where he'd left all of it.

Will needed to be 'emptied' in a sense, while Hannibal was filling him up with blood and wine.

The wine made at his home in Lithuania was… special. Different. Not made with just grapes. The vineyards were different. Filled with more than what the human eye could see.

Such creations were consumed only between lovers usually. Which was why Hannibal had given it to Will. Will was to be his.

The blood didn't *need* to be in every glass, this was just how Hannibal was introducing Will to his new life without disgust and pain. Also, the sweetness in the blood balanced out the tartness of the wine. It was a good mixture, if Hannibal was allowed to brag.

Colon cleansing wasn't exactly sexy, but Hannibal was certain he could make the procedure interesting enough for Will.

Hannibal was shoving a very well lubricated tube up his ass. This was so very uncomfortable, yet at the same time, Will was relaxed, and Hannibal's warm hands had already prepared him very thoroughly.

The being had been kind enough to stretch him first. And not in a clinical way. He'd very tellingly rubbed against Will's prostate a few times in order to get the brunet excited.

And it worked.

The dick.

Will wasn't expecting his friend/psychiatrist to be shoving a tube up his rectum tonight, otherwise he wouldn't have come. Colon irrigation was disgusting and he'd lived through it once already.

He didn't want to do it again.

But then Hannibal's hand was slowly stroking his cock and making him feel good while the very odd sensations ran through his ass.

It was conflicting. On one hand he felt good and on the other he felt awkward.

Yet Hannibal's voice was in his ear, constantly murmuring about how perfect Will was for him. How proud he was. How things would get better soon. All Will had to do was 'be patient'.

He honestly had no idea what the man was going on about, but he allowed himself to just go with it.

It was better than panicking.

And Hannibal sounded hot.

A/N: Another is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram fics!

See ya! :D

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